Howard Mumford Jones Reviews John Dos Passos's "Number One"


# THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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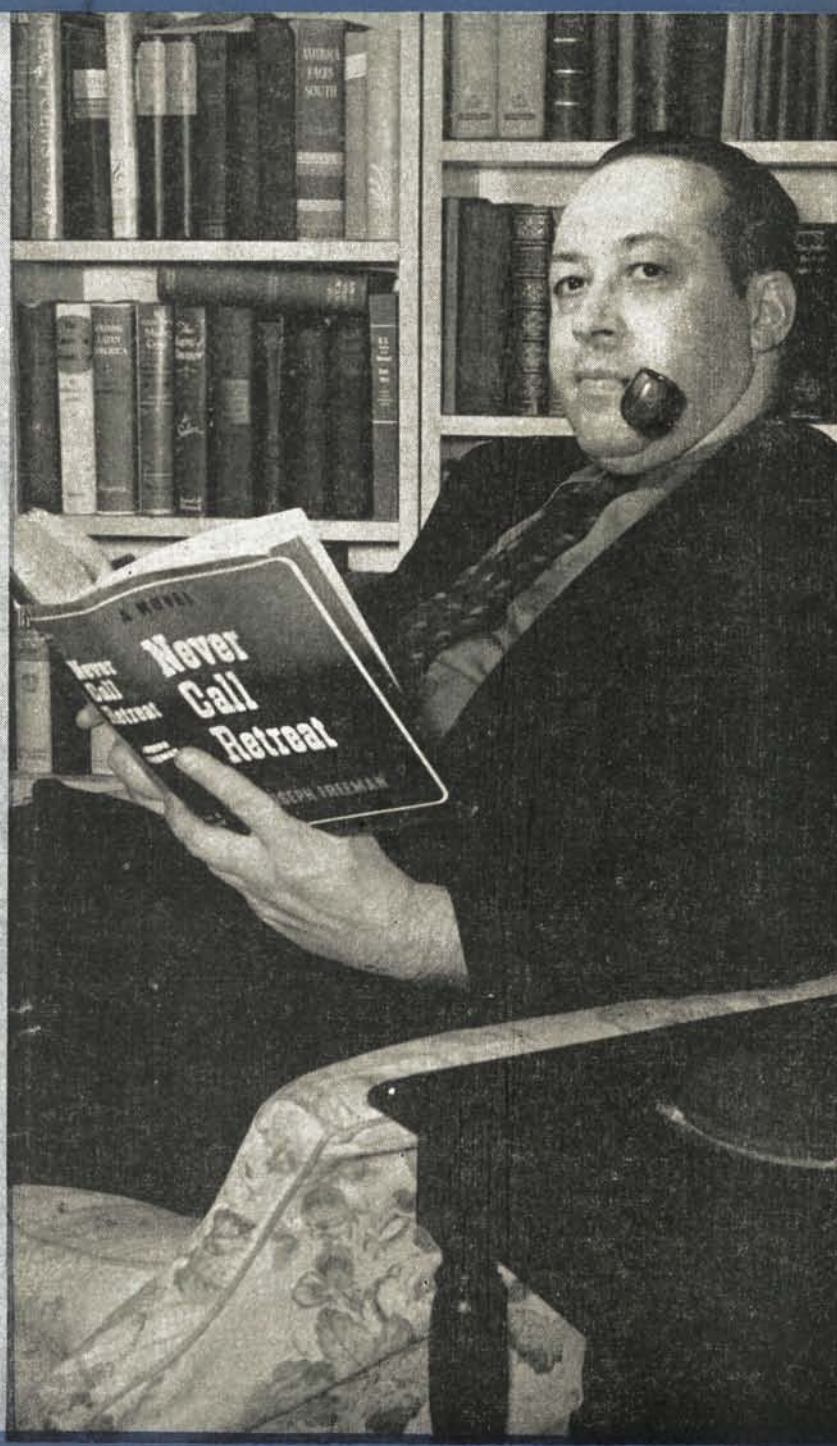


JOSEPH L. FREEMAN, author of "Never Call Retreat." (See page 6)

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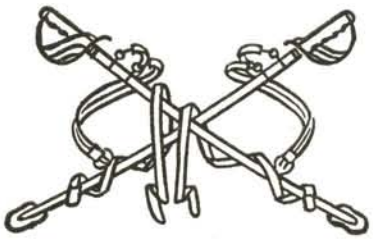

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# This Week

*March 6, 1943*

## Features


PAGE

WHAT ABOUT THE NEGRO PRESS?
By V. V. Oak ..... 4

EDUCATION GOES TO WAR
By Ordway Tead ..... 14


## Reviews


NEVER CALL RETREAT
By Joseph Freeman
*Reviewed by N. L. Rothman* ..... 6

NUMBER ONE
By John Dos Passos
*Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones* .. 7

THE AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST GERMANY
By Alan Michie
*Reviewed by Squadron-Leader M. G. Harris* ..... 9

THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER
By William Bradford Huie
*Reviewed by Lt.-Col. Harold E. Hartney* 9

MITCHELL: PIONEER OF AIR POWER
By Isaac Don Levine
*Reviewed by William Bradford Huie* ....10

THE SILENT WAR
By Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl
*Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz* ..... 11

SYRIAN YANKEE
By Salom Rizk
*Reviewed by H. B. Wreath* ..... 11

THE SWORD AND THE FLAME
Heinrich Heine, Works of Prose
Edited by Hermann Kesten
*Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf* ..... 18

AMERICA'S NATURAL WEALTH
By Richard Lieber
*Reviewed by Russell Lord* ..... 19


## Departments


YOUR LITERARY I.Q. ..... 5

EDITORIAL ..... 12

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR ..... 13

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf ..... 16

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét ..... 20

THE CRIMINAL RECORD ..... 21

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 467 ..... 23

DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB ..... 23



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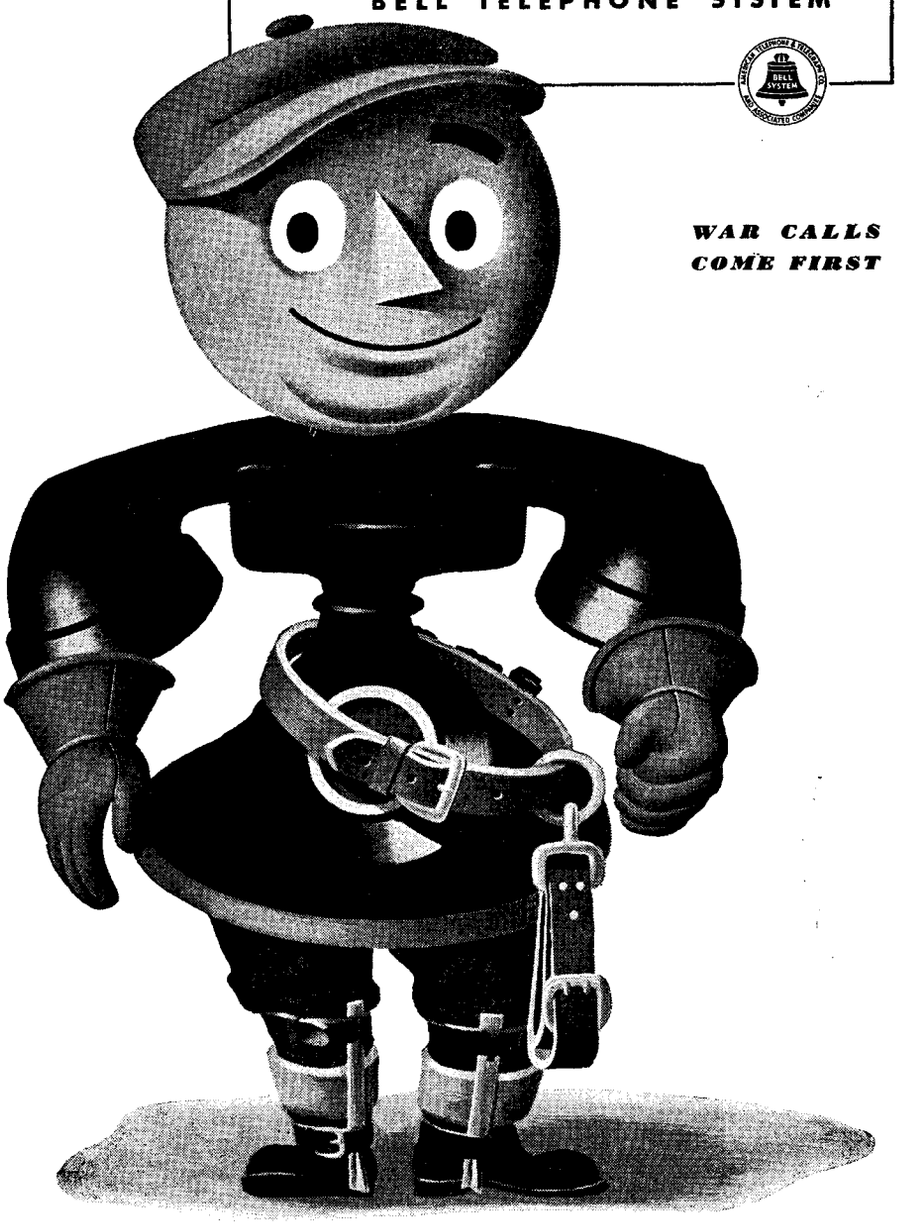

***WAR CALLS COME FIRST***





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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# What About the Negro Press?

V. V. OAK

*Two months ago,* The Saturday Review *published an article, "A Negro Looks at the Negro Press," by Warren Brown, of the Council for Democracy. The following reply to that article is by Dr. V. V. Oak, Professor of Sociology and Instructor in Journalism at Wilberforce University.*

THERE is no other institution in Negro culture that has made so rapid an advance or that has helped so wholeheartedly in the acceleration of the progress of the Negro as its press. There have been occasions when the press seemed to show a waning influence over its readers, but, by and large, the Negro press has always stood as the champion of the people it was serving and has rendered an unusually effective and faithful service to the cause of America's neglected and mistreated one-tenth.

Contrary to what some persons have led the public to believe, the Negro press and its four million readers are not pro-fascist or anti-American. The Negro press, in spite of its attack on lynching and poll-tax, has championed whole-heartedly the cause of the allies. Time and again, the *Pittsburgh Courier,* the *New York Amsterdam Star News,* the *Baltimore Afro-American,* the *Norfolk Journal and Guide,* the *Chicago Defender,* the *People's Voice* (N. Y.), the *Chicago Bee,* the *St. Louis Argus,* the *Kansas City Call,* and the *New York Age,* to mention only a few, have written editorials pointing out to their readers that the ultimate salvation of the Negro lies in the allies winning the war. While a German-American may look for a home in Germany or an Italian-American in Italy, the American Negro does not look for a home in Africa even though he was originally forcibly brought here. Culturally, the American Negro is as different from the African Negro as any white man, and his loyalty to the American flag is as strong as that of the descendants of our pilgrim fathers. The American Negro's cultural heritage is American. How then could he be disloyal to the only place he can call his home?

It is true that the Negro Press is getting more and more militant in its demand for a real democracy at home, but this growing impatience of the press is quite natural as well as desirable. As a matter of fact, all the non-whites in the world today are demanding greater freedom, and unless the American Negro is entirely unintelligent and unprogressive he is bound to demand his right to be a free American, especially when he is fighting abroad for the preservation of democracy.

IF the Negro press is accused of sensationalism or of catering to crime stories, it received its initial impetus from the Hearst newspapers, from the *Chicago Tribune,* and from the *New York Daily News.* Not all the Negro newspapers, however, are sensational. "The Negro papers compare favorably, on the whole, with their white rivals," observes Professor John Syrjamaki of Yale University in an article on "The Negro Press in 1938," published in the September-October 1939 issue of *Sociology and Social Research,* "and the larger Negro weeklies are quite on a par with the average white country dailies. . . . The Negro press is approaching a professional standard approximating that of the white newspapers."

Because the Negro press arose out of the dire need for racial leadership, it is only natural that it is strictly racial to this day. In fact, its success is due to its being racial, supplementing as its does the service rendered by the white press. In general, it is interested in news that touches the Negro, and rarely, if ever, pays any attention to news that has no racial significance. Since the white press ignores the Negro almost completely, except in stories of crimes, the Negro press is becoming more and more a necessity to its readers as purveyor of news about their own groups. When the world famous singer, Roland Hayes, was beaten and put in jail, in July, 1942, in Rome, Georgia, the white newspapers did not give prominence to this news, and many of them completely ignored it. Friends of Roland Hayes had to wait until the complete story broke in the Negro press, and well-established Negro newspapers wrote strong editorials on this incident. While many white newspapers carried a UP release in which Governor Talmadge defended the beating of Roland Hayes on the ground that he had kicked a policeman, who but the Negro press would come to Hayes's defense and point out the absurdity of a peace-loving and highly sensitive man like Hayes ever lifting his finger against any one?

Dr. V. V. Oak

The Negro press is undoubtedly contributing a great deal to the preservation of American democracy by its virtuous fight in behalf of its people and is rendering invaluable service to the cause of justice and fair play. The *Pittsburgh Courier* with its double "V" campaign has made both the colored and white readers realize that we have to win victory over tyranny abroad as well as at home. The *Afro-American* with its fearless editorials coupled with its special editions on vital issues and the *Journal and Guide* with its non-sensational but factual and clear approach toward Negro news and opinion have been serving the people of the South in a commendable way. The Negro press is rendering an invaluable service toward crystalizing Negro thought and action, and is serving as an outlet to the Negro's otherwise thwarted ambitions and repressed anger against the injustices of his



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white compatriots, thereby preventing the birth of more and more "Bigger Thomases." Hounded at every turn, unable to enjoy even the ordinary decencies of what we call the "American way of living," debarred from all recreational activities and eating facilities normally open to white Americans, the Negro press is the only outlet of the intellectual Negro and the only place where even the Negro masses see themselves depicted just as they are.

IF the *People's Voice* under the powerful pen of Reverend A. Clayton Powell, Jr., the dynamic and dramatic leader of the Negro masses in Harlem, is militant in putting the issue of the Negro to the forefront to an extent that may lead some to believe that it is an anti-American or pro-Hitler paper, I wonder if the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and *PM* do not fall under the same category. The defiant attitude of the *Chicago Tribune* during its trial last summer for having published Stanley Johnson's dispatch concerning the battle of Midway and the gala banquet it held immediately after it won its legal battle against U. S. Attorney General Francis Biddle's Justice Department will make all the militant Negro and white newspapers appear pale before it. The daring refusal of several white companies in the South to accept war orders because they did not want to follow our esteemed President's order against racial discrimination in the use of labor, the support given to such practices by governors of certain Southern states, and the dangerous assertion of some Southern newspapermen and of other influential persons that, if winning of the war meant greater freedom to the Southern Negro, they would prefer to lose the war—these assertions, and not the cry of the Negro for justice and fair-play, are pro-fascist and anti-American. What the Negro press is demanding is not different from what responsible leaders of the New Deal have been asserting boldly; namely, that a new economic and social order must come after this war is over. The First Lady of the land made a similar public statement again during the first week of January, 1943, and President Roosevelt's message to the Congress contained definite pronouncements about social reform even while the war is going on. A Chinese is no more a "Chink" since December 7, 1941, but a trusted friend and ally. The war is certainly introducing some rapid changes in our thoughts, and the Negro deserves a proportional share.

It is indeed naive to assert that, as a general rule, the Negro receives fair justice in the South where the two parties to the dispute are Negroes and whites. The entire social pattern of the South is based upon the intimidation of the Negro, in putting the Negro in his place, and the aristocratic whites make no bones about it. To achieve this intimidation, no white man can be convicted of any serious crime committed against a Negro while every Negro must be severely punished for all real and imaginary crimes against a white man. Presuming that there is no basis for this assertion, the fact remains that the Negro believes it to be true even as the colored nations all over the world believe, rightly or wrongly, that no white nation except the American can be trusted to carry out a diplomatic promise which benefits the darker races.

Before concluding this article it might be well to point out how the vision of the Negro press has gradually widened in the last ten years as proven by the following indices of somewhat increasing maturity: the organization of press and syndicate services; the printing of national and local editions; an emergent use of color presses by the more opulent weeklies; the appearance of strong newspaper chains; the growing patronage of white business enterprises evidenced by a larger number of "ads" from this source; the creation of extensive promotional activities among both their colored carriers and the Negro public; and the increasing space that is allotted to foreign news that affects the fate of all the colored peoples of the world.

This last international aspect of the problem of the "colored" races, first introduced by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois through the *Crisis* magazine as early as the First World War, is now being grasped by the better class weeklies. "The editor's horizon is at least as wide as that of a small-town white editor and often wider," observes Professor Frederick G. Detweiler of Denison University in his article on "The Negro Press Today," published in the November 1938 issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*, "Negro writers are interested in South Africa where there is a huge race problem; in Brazil, where the color line is indistinct, . . . in the Virgin Islands, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Liberia. From Spain, toward the end of 1937, Langston Hughes was writing articles for the *Afro-American*, which sent a man to Russia to interview Stalin, to Berlin to the Olympics, and to Geneva to witness the appearance of Haile Selassie before the League of Nations."

# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

THE POETS ON HAIR

This week we have ten not-too-well-known characters whose hair has been described by poets. Allowing 5 points for each hero or heroine you can identify, and another 5 if you can name either the poet or the poem, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 6.

1. This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
   Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
   In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
   With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
2. She loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand
   As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast. . . .
3. Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
   O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
4. My hair is gray, but not with years,
   Nor grew it white
   In a single night
   As men's have grown from sudden fears.
5. Did you ever see a woman for whom your soul you'd give,
   With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live;
   With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and a wealth of chestnut hair?
   If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.
6. And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
   On the billows fall and rise.
7. With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves.
8. There sits, in soft reclining,
   A maiden wondrous fair,
   With golden raiment shining,
   And combing her golden hair.
9. And when he polled his head
   (for it was at every year's end that he polled it:
   because the hair was heavy upon him,
   therefore he polled it)
   he weighed the hair of his head at two hundred shekels.
10. Sure, I love the dear silver that's twined in your hair
    And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care. . . .



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# The Ultimate War

*NEVER CALL RETREAT. By Joseph Freeman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart.* 1943. 756 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THE materials of this novel are rooted in the tragic history of Vienna between the two World Wars. The simplest use for these materials is to set them down, as they have already been set down a score of times, in horror and hatred. We are always ready to twitch one more time as the guns shatter the workers' homes in Floridsdorf, or as the truncheons fall upon bodies strapped to tables. But we know that history, even current history, has other fictional uses. In its best employment it may provide the background for philosophical analysis and, when the historian is courageous, for moral judgment. So Mr. Freeman has used his history, in a novel that is big and probing and eloquent. It raises questions that ought to provoke as much thought as it will certainly provoke controversy.

For the seed of Mr. Freeman's purpose we must turn to the introductory section. Paul Schuman, an Austrian professor of history who has experienced all of the events that course through this book, is now in the office of a New York psychiatrist. He is seeking, through psychoanalysis, some relief from the after-images and obsessions that threaten his sanity; and so we proceed backward along the familiar path of free association, to the beginnings of his life. But note first his answer to the doctor's question about concentration camp. "What most shocked you during the three years of your imprisonment?" "That thing was," says Schuman, *"the hatred of the victims for each other."* This is hardly the answer you expected, and it points up from the very beginning the course this novel is to take. It is these other victims we are to study carefully, for although Schuman's account of his own life and loves is mildly interesting, these are scarcely significant. His function here is that of narrator, of a commentator peculiarly endowed to see these men in perspective and to draw certain profound and fascinating analogies that they cannot themselves perceive.

Early in his life Schuman, a philosophical liberal, is drawn into the orbit of the Communist movement, without himself becoming a party member. He is also at this time making a special study of fourth century Church history. And thus, observing simultaneously two streams of time sixteen centuries apart, he very soon becomes conscious of how like these Communist zealots are to the early Christian martyrs, in fervor, in passion for the amelioration of man, in self-sacrifice and self-discipline. He sees too, in both early Christian and modern Communist, how ethical fervor crystallizes to become doctrine, how self-discipline becomes party discipline.

These are ideas. Freeman gives them the impact of blood and emotion by embodying them in an intense personal conflict between two men. Hans Bayer is the party leader, the man of iron who knows at all times what to do, what is correct and effective, what the orders are to be. He is the inflexible and impersonal dogmatist, an arm of Stalin. Kurt Herzfeld is the party idealist, the lover of man, a poet in politics. He stands ready to do or suffer anything for the sake of man and principle; therefore he will not willingly sacrifice either man or principle for the sake of party. It is the schism between individual ideal and collective discipline, which grows and hardens through the terrible years of Nazi ascendancy and comes to a terrific climax within the walls of a concentration camp. It leads actually to a party excommunication of Herzfeld, as inexorable as though it proceeded from Rome. Both Bayer and Herzfeld are killed upon the block. Both are permitted to speak, and Herzfeld cries out to the other prisoners, ranged stonily before him:

> Through sweat, blood and tears we have learned the ways of power. Let us be as diligent in learning the ways of justice, charity and love. Without these there can be no salvation. Unless we understand each other we understand nothing; unless we love each other, we love nothing; and where there is no love there can be no freedom. . . . Oh, it will come to that, I know! Everything is ready. . . . We shall have to care for each other if only to save ourselves. . . .

Thus he speaks, even as Eusubius, a fourth century Christian, spoke before him to the doctrinaire Polyclitus. The interplay of historical analogy here is subtle and consummate. Herzfeld is the living voice of Eusubius, just as the cynical Roman judge who condemned Eusubius spoke for the modern Nazi who destroyed both Bayer and Herzfeld, when he said: "All these popular movements begin with fellowship, proceed to unity, and end in authority . . . love surrenders to power." Freeman's voice is lifted now eloquently for love, for adherence to first principles, for care that those who rise up to liberate the individual never forget why they rose. Non-Communists may dislike the Christian-Communist analogy; Communists will in all likelihood call Herzfeld a dangerous sentimentalist. Yet this book ought to be read by both, to be argued and thought upon. It seems to me the first effective attempt to lift a great modern schism into the climate of moral appraisal.

*—From the drawing by W. Chappell, "The Three Hansels."*

### Answers to Literary Quiz

1. Belinda, in "The Rape of the Lock," by Alexander Pope.
2. Bess, in "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noyes.
3. Lucrece, in "The Rape of Lucrece," by Shakespeare.
4. "The Prisoner of Chillon," by Byron.
5. Madeline, in "The Face Upon the Floor," by Antoine d'Arcy.
6. The skipper's daughter, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow.
7. "Lycidas," by Milton.
8. "The Lorelei," by Heine.
9. Absalom, in 2 Samuel 14.
10. "Mother Machree," by Chauncey Alcott.



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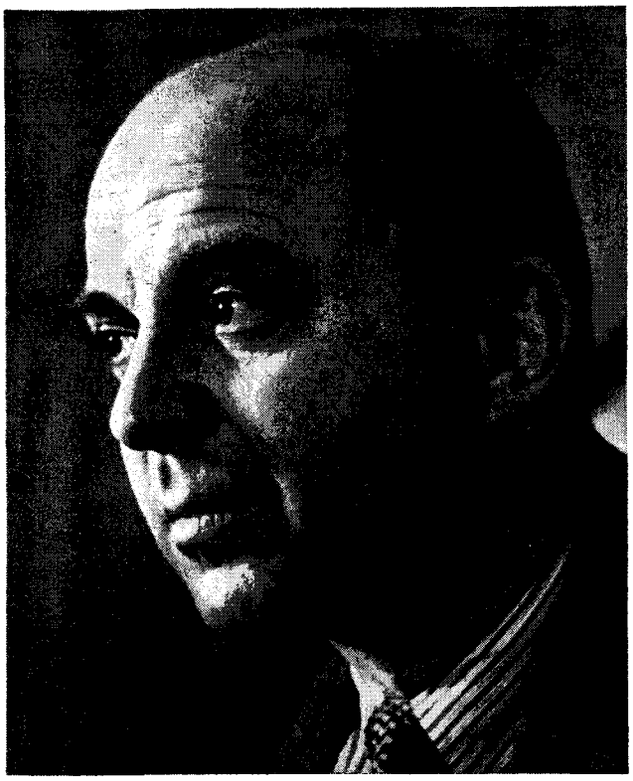
# Sound-Truck Caesar

*NUMBER ONE. A Novel by John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1943. 304 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES



—*Eric Shaal*

Dos Passos

A FEW weeks ago the regents of a leading state university in the South forbade the reading in English courses of "The Big Money," by John Dos Passos, on the ground that the book is "un-American." It is ironically appropriate that this particular piece of obscurantism should closely antecede the publication of "Number One," Mr. Dos Passos's fictional biography of a Southern demagogue. Chuck Crawford, the "Number One" or big boss of the novel, is a product of the Southern small town, and appeals to all the prejudices that shape its confused emotionalism. His "movement" has for its slogan, "Every Man a Millionaire." As he mounts in importance, he acquires a body of sluggers after the fashion of Huey Long. Oil plays an important part in the story; and the Horton of the novel irresistibly suggests Houston. His sound truck and his hill-billy band call up the methods of Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy O'Daniel. Finally we are to understand that a one-party system in which winning the primary is equivalent to election opens the door to personalism, behind-the-scenes trading, and a variety of undercover methods for evading the intent of the law.

"Number One" may be considered on two planes—as document and as novel; but one instinctively begins by considering its social documentation for two good reasons. One is that Mr. Dos Passos, very much concerned for the future of the democratic state, has lately thrown himself wholeheartedly into the journalistic struggle to clarify and popularize the deeper meanings of the war. The other is that American fiction in these later months has been running rather thin. The cause of this uncertainty, this lack of conviction on the part of novelists is commonly said to be the war itself. Most of the eloquent and persuasive prose written in recent months has come directly out of the struggle, much of it written by correspondents. Fiction has declined. There is a feeling that the novel is too small, too trivial an instrument to mirror Ragnarok, and that if the war is to produce another "War and Peace" or "The Dynasts," this cannot happen until after peace has brought its depth and perspective.

But if the novel cannot grapple with global warfare, it can be useful on the home front; and Mr. Dos Passos's desire to be useful, his feeling that it is now or never with Jeffersonian democracy has led him to produce this striking document. Document it clearly is. Reverting to the method of "Elmer Gantry," Mr. Dos Passos has subordinated everything else to the building up of a three-dimensional, richly studied, and thoroughly convincing demagogue. The power of fictional mimicry can scarcely go beyond what Mr. Dos Passos has here achieved. Chuck's language is so true, it is audible Southern speech. The vivid glimpses into the ways by which he builds up and holds together his entourage, the sleek hypocrisy by which he can turn the appeal of the "peepul's friend" into the arguments of the educated Washington statesman, the cynicism with which he entraps established politicians and business men, the even greater cynicism with which, though he presents himself to the public as a family man, he revels in drink and with girls, the adroitness with which at the end of the story, about to be exposed, he double-crosses his secretary—all these are a profound lesson in practical political strategy. The five great chapters of the book are five great slices cut across this man's career; and one scarcely knows whether to admire more the feeling for language or the insight into a type, of Chuck's creator.

Each chapter is preceded by a prose poem, the recurrent theme of which is set forth in the opening sentence of the novel: "When you try to find the people, always in the end it comes down to somebody." Then, after the fashion of some of his earlier novels, Mr. Dos Passos sketches in rapid succession a series of American vignettes. Thus he makes clear the underlying social purpose of his document, which raises in new form the ageless question, how shall the people know a good ruler from a bad one? For if the fascist "rulers" have seized without conscience upon the methods of science and social science to achieve their ends, it must not be forgotten that they learned a good deal about propaganda from American advertising and from American political campaigns. We gave not merely the airplane and the U-boat, the tractor and the iron-clad to our enemies, we also obligingly furnished them with methods of political control. Sound-trucks and parades, glib phrases and cheap theatricality are not only the modern equivalent of *panem et circenses,* they are also the opiate of the masses. How shall the people know? How shall the people choose? Mr. Dos Passos is prepared to exclaim with Carl Sandburg, "The People—Yes!" but he is profoundly disturbed by the opportunities for crowd control which the newspaper, the radio, the screen, the loudspeaker, mass transportation, skilled—and cynical—publicity men and a dozen other devices have thrown, unguarded, into the hands of those who seek power. His novel is but the latest in a line of warnings which includes T. S. Stribling and Sinclair Lewis.

So much for "Number One" as a document, vivid, adroit, and disturbing. What of it as a novel? It goes back, as I say, to the method of "Elmer Gantry"—that is, everything is sacrificed to shaping the central char-



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acter, this cheap Tamburlane of a modern Marlovian tale. The man is impressive and alive, but the book seems to me to suffer two ineradicable defects as a work of art. The first is that, though we survey the career of Chuck Crawford from his first congressional campaign to the time he becomes a threat to the presidency, we never find out what motivates him, how he got that way, why he is as he is and not otherwise. He enters the novel, as it were, full-blown, and, when we leave him, he remains as much of an enigma as ever.

The second defect also follows from the structure of the tale. Everybody else is sacrificed to Chuck. Two of the subordinate characters have, to be sure, a pale vitality—Sue Ann, his wife, and Tyler Spotswood, the—shall I say hero?—of the story. But it is difficult to make us believe Sue Ann's devotion to a man she at heart despises; and just at that point in the tale where one longs for some sort of conflict between man and wife, Sue Ann is hustled off the scene to a Western ranch.

Equally flaccid, I fear, is Tyler Spotswood. Though he is unhappy and disturbed in conscience, we are to suppose that Tyler is not really aware what manner of man he is dangerously serving until, through a rather improbable episode, a letter from his dead brother, the hero of "Adventures of a Young Man," comes patly into his hands. In this letter he reads:

> Tyler, what I'd started to write you about was not letting them sell out too much of the for the people and by the people part of the oldtime United States way. It has given us freedom to grow. Growing great people is what the country's for, isn't it?

Thereupon comes the break between secretary and chief. Shades of Sir Walter! Here is that ancient device, the voice from the tomb, not to speak of that equally ancient device, the last-minute repentence. One must infer either that Spotswood (in whom, to be sure, one has very little interest) is an excessively blind and will-less young man, or that Mr. Dos Passos, despairing of getting out of his fictional predicament any other way, has blandly stepped forward to cut the knot with a pair of very blunt shears.

"Number One" is, then, naive in structure, and without express conflict, the real issue lying, as it were, between the man pictured in the five successive chapters, and the people lyrically hymned in the prologues to these chapters and the epilogue to the whole. So true is this, that an abortive love affair between Sue Ann and the secretary seems like the brother's letter awkwardly in the way. Mr. Dos Passos has therefore paid a tremendous price for thus concentrating upon a single personage.

There are times, however, when esthetic canons must give way to didactic ones; and he has apparently felt the need of raising again the question of demagoguery and democracy. How can we pick our leaders? Carlyle did not know. Sinclair Lewis does not know. Mr. Dos Passos does not know. But it can be said of his Chuck Crawford that he remains alive, colorful, gigantic, menacing, like a bill-board at the turn ahead in the road. Mr. Dos Passos's novel does not crush him, it merely illuminates him. What can be done in the republic to prevent another "Number One"? If enough readers ask this question, I suspect Mr. Dos Passos will be satisfied.

# Epoch of Doubtful Peace

*WIDE IS THE GATE. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1942. 751 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by RICHARD R. PLANT

THIS fourth volume of the panoramic cycle that reproduces our history in terms of fiction leads Lanny Budd, our old friend and liberal millionaire, into the Spanish war and its horrors. "Wide Is the Gate" shows a miasmic epoch of doubtful peace, and its end, brought about by the blackshirts of the jaw-thrusting ex-socialist dictator in Rome, and the planes of the indefatigable party-orator from Braunau (Austria), both of which celebrated a jolly reunion of their henchmen on the grounds of battle-torn Spain. Not one detail is overlooked of the gruesome diplomatic clowning that led the blinded Tories of Great Britain and the hesitant leaders of the "Front Populaire" to their policy of non-intervention: an attitude that history, in the meantime, has revealed as one of the greatest blunders in the history of England and France. Sinclair doesn't overlook one figure in an already corrupt France who was loosed upon the people by the shrewd agent of psychological warfare, Otto Abetz, unofficial Nazi emissary. With the accuracy of a learned historian, he portrays the attitude of the experts, British and otherwise, who were so clever and well-informed that they overlooked the threat to the world that was Hitler and his feverishly arming regime. He gives us again such a chiseled portrait of the jolly brute, the hunting art-collector and joke-loving master of the concentration camp and the Air Force, that one feels Sinclair must have had an intimate interview with Hermann Goering.

There are also the by now familiar but not uninteresting figures of Lanny's beautiful and selfish wife, Irma, who represents a bit too obviously what Sinclair would call the Idle Rich, of plane manufacturing Robbie who represents the Money Making Rich, and there is a nice selection of American upperclass people, some of which see the gathering clouds of disaster, while others are taken in by romantic Fascist flyers, poetic German agents, etc. But against this colorful and lively panorama Sinclair has juxtaposed the figures of the German underground, the revolutionary workers of battling Barcelona, the French foes of Fascism who are desperate about their country and the civil war in Spain. These figures, strangely enough, never come to life. Above all, Trudi, a German underground worker and a courageous, honest, and lovable soul whom Lanny finally marries, remains only a shadow, full of good intentions but with no lifeblood. It is a pity that, towards the end of the book, one is bound to discover that the people Sinclair despises are much better suited to his descriptive and psychological talents than the sympathetic people who fight against the foe. One regrets that the domineering, incredible figure of Bazil Zaharoff, the knighted Merchant of Death, appears so rarely and that the seances with the Polish medium are rather scarce. The spiritistic seances in the third volume, "The Dragon's Teeth," were masterpieces of writing: one never knew whether Upton Sinclair, otherwise not given to any flights of fancy, had abandoned his Marxist castle, and become a believer in the Great Beyond, or whether he was making fun of the people involved and himself, too.

Perhaps he was afraid of repeating things that were written up so prominently and extensively by others—but in any case, his book does not picture the bloody fight for what it was, nor does Sinclair give one the feeling that the second World War really started in Spain and that the Axis used it as a practical laboratory. Lanny's adventures in Spain, towards the end of the book, are thrilling and his rescue of a titled English flier is written with all the vigor and speed of a Warner Bros. film—but the Spanish war as a world-shaping event never comes to life. It also must be said, that Upton Sinclair is no master of the erotic, and his love scenes are as dry as leaves in a spinster's memory book. The bulk of the book, however, has to do with the history of our time, and here the old Upton Sinclair comes through with flying colors.



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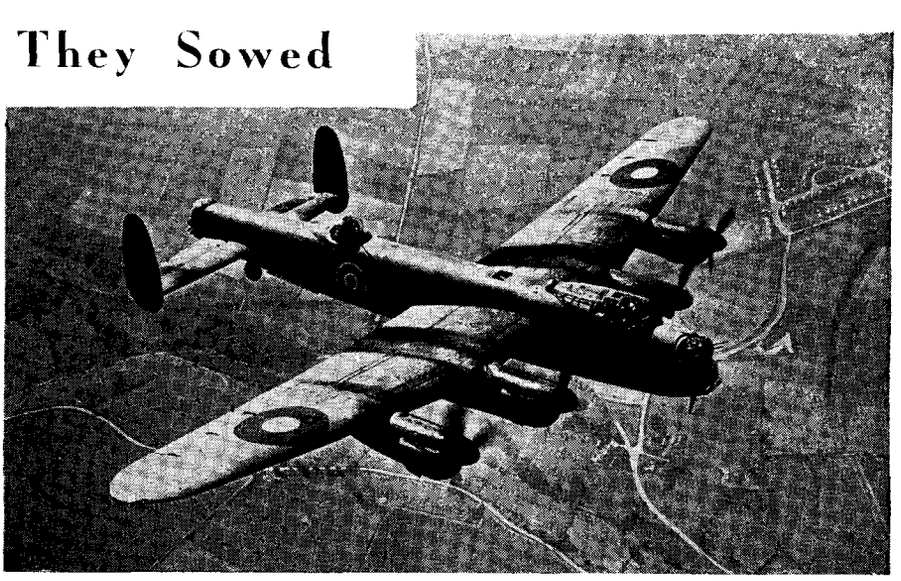
# The Dynamite They Sowed

*THE AIR OFFENSIVE AGAINST GERMANY. By Alan Michie. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1943. 152 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER M. G. HARRIS



—*British Press Service*

THIS is an accurate, factual presentation of the air offensive against Germany, which started the war of destruction from the air unilaterally and so lightheartedly. The chickens are however now coming home to roost, and good layers they are too.

In his criticism of the American Air arm, Alan Michie undoubtedly overstates his case. I, for one, refuse to believe that American air officers cling to their concept of daylight bombing through mule-headedness alone. And when he criticizes the Liberator B.24 I am reminded of an English wireless operator, fellow passenger with me, on General Brett's plane. He had made twelve Atlantic crossings on various makes of aircraft and was asked to join the American Air Force. He said to me "if I must keep on crossing this bloody Atlantic, I'd like to do it on this machine." Churchill, too, uses the B24 for his longer trips. Alan Michie says, and rightly, that Liberator and Flying Fortresses were designed specifically for long range operations against enemy fleets: but their sphere of activity covers many other fields, and they are doing yeoman work all over the world.

He makes the common mistake of supposing that Japan can be usefully bombed from the Aleutians. Kiska is 2135 miles from Tokio, and he and the public should get it into their heads that present day outside range for useful bombing is between 800-1000 miles.

The maximum bomb load recently dropped on German targets by the R.A.F. is seven times as great as their best efforts on England. Hamburg, during one such raid, received a shower of 175,000 incendiaries, thirty pounds in weight, as against the four-pounder currently used by the Luftwaffe, and the R.A.F. now uses few demolition bombs under 1000 pounds. The 2000 pound bomb can destroy as much as two typical American city blocks. The pictures at the end of this book show that the Cologne raid did more damage than the San Francisco earthquake and fire, between a quarter and one-third of the city being laid low. German armament production may be down fifteen to twenty per cent as a result of this bombing and Michie estimates that 10,000,000 Germans have felt the weight of R.A.F. bombs directly or indirectly, since the beginning of the air offensive. 200,000 in Hamburg alone are now homeless.

Mr. Michie states that the Lancaster is by far the best bomber in the skies today and the Stirling and Halifax only slightly less good. They all carry about three times the tonnage of bombs which American "heavies" can lift.

He quotes Major General Ira C. Eaker as stating that Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris "is the outstanding exponent of the real use of air power in the world today." This Air Marshal —my brother—is certainly carrying out his theories, which he recently expressed so tersely to a reporter:—"If you want the Germans to smell anything, you've got to rub their noses in it."

Mr. Michie has obviously had access to real inside information, which he presents in an enthralling form. In fact this book is a real thriller. It is therefore to be regretted that he should have taken on himself the task of educating the High Command of the American Air Force who are quite capable of looking after themselves.

# The Inner War on Air Power

*THE FIGHT FOR AIR POWER. By William Bradford Huie. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Co.* 1942. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
LT. COL. HAROLD E. HARTNEY

HERE is a book that literally has made Admirals curse and Air Officers chuckle. The format of the book is that of Huie (the author) but the words are the voice of Colonel Knerr.

On October 22, 1942, when Colonel Hugh J. Knerr, United States Army (Retired) was plucked from the lecture stage in Milwaukee and restored to active duty, just as he was about to tell of a new book he had written of the same title ("The Fight for Air Power"), many people were sorry. Knerr had done a good deal of crusading, lecturing, and writing on behalf of air power. At times, he seemed just a little bitter. The nation looked forward to a work of his that might follow in the Seversky and . . . parade of 1942, and accomplish what . . . en the fiasco of Pearl Harbor failed . . . do— gain appreciation of air power . . . role in modern total war.

Soon one appeared under the t . . . claimed by Knerr but bearing the name of Huie. Had air power in this war fallen short of the claims of its proponents, Knerr might possibly have had to face a court martial. Instead, just as this review is written, the gallant officer most featured in this book has been named as our Commander-in-Chief of all the United States Armed Forces in our European theatre of war—Lieutenant General Frank Andrews. A glance at the photographs appended at the back of the book gives the likeness and a short, snappy biography of twenty prominent air officers, entitled by the author, "The Men Who Led the Fight for Air Power." It is a strange coincidence that the alphabetical listing places Andrews's name first and Knerr's last with the other eighteen sandwiched between, including General H. H. Arnold, present Commanding General of all the Army Air Forces.

These gentlemen with but one or two exceptions are key men today in our world-wide globular air power strategy. All hold the rank of General (five of them are Lieutenant Generals); one is Deputy Chief of Staff of the whole Army.

One would not be far wrong in a statement that these men in the field are actually running this war for us. Actually, what they do now is the



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spear-head of every move our armed land forces make on our many battle-fronts. Knerr is still but a Colonel; however, one can make bold to say that the gentleman whom he boosted with such loyal and fearless frankness all through this book (possibly a bit overdone at times)—General Andrews —*should summon him to Europe forth*-with from an obscure assignment, and appoint him his Chief of Staff with the rank of Major General.

There is something inspiring in the recognition these fighters for air power now receive. To get this thrill, read this book. Frustrated at every turn, torn between loyalty to their training as officers at West Point or Annapolis (three of these officers, Bradley, Knerr, and Brereton are graduates of the U. S. Naval Academy) and their conscience which knew the power of the air and the place it should have in our war machine—Army and Navy traditions notwithstanding.

When you read this book, you will query—"Can it be that in the same year (1939) when Hitler cast the dice for the world or nothing," General Frank M. Andrews was reduced to the rank of Colonel and sent off somewhere to keep his mouth shut? In light of subsequent events, it is clear that these officers were fighting for air power because it was their duty—they would have been delinquent not to have done so. To have been reduced in rank is now a credit.

Andrews is supreme in England; Arnold in Washington; Emmons in Hawaii; McNary in Washington, the right arm of General Marshall; Bradley in Russia; Brereton at Cairo; Eaker in the Bomber Command in England; Frank, at the head of the Air Service Command; George, head of the largest airline operation in the world, the Air Transport Command; Kenney with MacArthur in Australia, as his Chief Assistant Airman; Olds in Seattle with a huge air force in reserve "rarin' to go"; Spaatz in Africa; Weaver, in charge of the Technical Training Command; Burwell and Chauncey on special duty of the greatest international importance; Jimmy Doolittle in Africa; Eubank (who suffered the Philippine heartaches) in Washington; Gilkeson in England; Haynes in China; and Knerr still in a Western field, but available as I said above for his just reward. There are others unmentioned —I wish I might be permitted to name them.

The author has done a commendable job on behalf of the war effort by keeping this book from being "hidden under a bushel" and, while it is grand reading now, in later years it will supply the answer to the question—"Why did we have only nineteen poorly equipped heavy bombers when this war broke out in Europe?"

# Prophet and Pioneer

*MITCHELL: Pioneer of Air Power. By Isaac Don Levine. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 1943. 400 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

THE men of the United States Army Air Force, as well as all the rest of us who are their partisans in the fight for American air power, owe a vote of thanks to Isaac Don Levine for this scholarly, restrained, and altogether satisfying biography of Billy Mitchell. The book comes in good time; for while Mitchell's vision has been proved by events, his ancient enemies have not been dethroned and the ancient forms he opposed still exist at the price of blood and tears. The book should be read, not as a tribute to a martyr who won

**Billy Mitchell**

his fight posthumously, but rather for guidance and inspiration in a continuing battle.

If Mitchell was right in pleading for a unified, air-minded command at Hawaii; and if Pearl Harbor proved that he was right and the Navy hierarchy wrong, then why do we not have a unified air force and a unified command at Hawaii today? Why, instead, do we have Army air forces and Navy air forces each with the same types of planes, each with duplicating facilities, and each struggling against the other for command?

If Mitchell was right in proclaimng Alaska the proper base for offensive operations against Japan, then why are his ancient-minded enemies in the Navy allowed to divert hundreds of land-based bombers to the Southwest Pacific in a move which is opposed by every officer in the Army Air Force?

Mr. Levine clarifies Mitchell's views as to the "separate" air force. All the misunderstandings about the air officers wanting to "separate themselves" from the Army and Navy and wanting to "rob the Navy" of its co-operative aviation have been due to calculated misstatements by the traditionalists. Mitchell believed, just as the Air Force officers *now* believe, that modern warfare was a single operation requiring united land, sea, and air forces, all under a unified command. He urged the creation of a single Department of National Defense with land, sea, air and supply *all on an equal basis.*

An interesting and entirely new contention by Mr. Levine is that General MacArthur voted for acquittal at the court-martial. A reporter is supposed to have examined the secretly marked ballots of the nine generals who sat in judgment, and it is now revealed that MacArthur's ballot was marked *for acquittal. Mayor LaGuardia is said* to be able to testify that this is true. If MacArthur, who was a personal friend of Mitchell, did vote in his favor, then it becomes easier to understand why General MacArthur recently came out in support of the air force plan for proceeding against Japan.

Mr. Levine has successfully resisted the temptation to neglect Mitchell's formative years. He sacrifices pace to method by examining his subject from the Spring of 1898 when the impetuous Wisconsin sophomore left college to go plunging off to Cuba as a member of the Signal Corps. After Cuba came the Philippines and a part in the capture of Aguinaldo. Then there was Alaska, and sled races, and big game hunts, and fast horses and beautiful women—all the accoutrements which went to make Billy Mitchell the brilliant, gaudy, blustering, loved-and-hated fellow he was. Everything about him fitted him for the leadership of the American flyers in France, for only an officer whose recklessness matched his brilliance could have been a proper leader for those who flew the "flying coffins."

Mitchell's weaknesses are the frailties of genius. Men with great vision seldom make great teachers. Because they see the future so clearly, they lack the patience to convert opponents. When the Chief of Naval Operations declared: "I cannot conceive of any use that the fleet will ever have for aircraft," Mitchell didn't expostulate, he exploded.

Read this book for a better appreciation of a remarkable American. Read it, also, for an understanding of a dangerous struggle which still rages within our war command.



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# Core of the Struggle

*THE SILENT WAR. By Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.* 1943. 357 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE authors of this important, authentic book on the underground movement in Germany during the last ten years say very modestly in a foreword: "In no sense can this book claim to be a history of the underground movement in Germany." And though it is true that the full history of the silent and holy war of many thousands in the Third Reich against Hitlerism can be written only after Nazism has been wiped out, we must welcome this story of unknown heroes and their great fight for freedom and democracy.

No better time could have been selected for the telling of the story of the silent warriors than the tenth anniversary of Hitler's rise to power. Again we realize that amongst our enemies we have friends and allies, that Hitler has not conquered the whole of Germany,—all of which is one of the guarantees for a better world in that nation.

This is not a tale of adventure, of romantic spywork, or of breathtaking cellar-tragedies. It is, as Reinhold Niebuhr says in his introduction, "the vivid and revealing portrayal of the underground opposition to Hitlerism." It is a sober and factual account of what went on inside Nazidom from 1933 to 1942. The activities of the underground are told in a rather cool and undramatic manner. However, for the first time we learn about fascinating modern techniques in the underground war: of how newspapers are printed and distributed, of secret meetings and discussions, of sabotage and preparations for revolt, of the bitter life of heroes who are unknown and whose names will certainly become known all over Germany when Hitler is defeated.

Two of these names are Jon B. Jansen and Stefan Weyl. These are not the authors real names. Jansen, a young metal worker, was a leading member of the Social Democratic youth movement before Hitler took power. He was warned that the police were after him, and escaped to Scandinavia where he organized one of the outposts of the underground movement. Weyl was an active member of the socialist student movement and after serving a prison sentence of several years in a penitentiary he succeeded in leaving the Reich just before the outbreak of the war. They were eye-witnesses. They know what they are talking about, and their appeal not to forget their comrades in Germany is convincing. "For every forty to fifty grown men one is behind iron bars as an enemy of the regime." We must believe that because the authors assert that several careful estimates, arrived at independently in Germany during the years from 1936-1940, place the number of political prisoners between 500,000 and 600,000.

Who are the heroes of the underground in Germany? Mostly members of the labor movement, trade-union officials, labor functionaries, members of Socialist and Communist youth groups. "There has never been a concerted religious opposition and certainly no underground religious activity of consequence." Hitler has made the Catholic clergy practically state employees. And among the Protestants, the authors say, the heroism of Pastor Niemoeller and some of his colleagues was an exception.

"Sacrifice is the daily bread of the underground movement and arrest is the occupational hazard of an underground functionary." The authors lived in a hunted atmosphere, their friends were arrested and shot, they had to renunciate everything with which civilized man has come to associate. But they knew they had a job to do. They fought for freedom in Germany and throughout the whole world. They believe in a revolution, but they also do not overestimate the symptoms of the beginnings of disruption in the Reich. "The Nazis are still too powerful, too victorious for such shocks seriously to shake their actual power." But since the workers of Germany are the principal opponents of the Nazis, the day may come when a mass movement will take on a revolutionary form. But not before Hitler's armies suffer serious and obvious defeats.

"The Silent War" is a book which should be read widely. It is the story of heroes about heroes. It gives proof that liberty and freedom are not mere slogans but ideas for which thousands of men all over the world are laying down their lives.

*—Woodcut by Hans Mueller*

# America Discovered

*SYRIAN YANKEE. By Salom Rizk. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1943. 317 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by H. B. WREATH

THOUGH Salom Rizk arrived in this country penniless and with no knowledge of our language, he is now one of the best known speakers on American lecture platforms. In this book he describes how he lived with his grandmother and their sheep near Beirut and was glad when he was hungry that he had some milk and some goatcheese. He tells how he discovered later that his mother had been an American citizen and that he could claim American citizenship, and how difficult it was for him to get a passport. He wanted to see things, to learn things, to go to a country where there were no persecutions, no cruel tax collectors, no battles between Christians and Mohammedans.

But America, though his first days here were all he had dreamed and more, was a country where you had to work very hard to make a living, especially if you didn't know the language. Salom Rizk was eighteen years old, he could hardly read and write, so he got a job in a packing plant where soon "every muscle in my body ached with a million aches." He had many adventures in the slaughter house; he learned English; he became a peddler of rugs and tapestry; he was a dishwasher and went to high school. "One of my greatest astonishments: that young school-going Americans took their many blessings and opportunities so much for granted. That everybody could speak and write and worship as he pleased did not seem strange to anybody." He made up his mind to tell this to his schoolmates. And soon the teacher asked him to tell "his story" to all the classes in the school. This was the beginning of a career of lecturing.

This story is a moving spiritual account of the life of a poor immigrant and not a "success story." It is told with simplicity, with tenderness, with modesty. It contains a message to all people who do not see the blessings of the American democratic way of life. Salom Rizk believes in America because he knows how many people in this country "are working quietly, obscurely, and unstintingly to give democracy the victory in one area of life after another, to extend it out to the very last frontier of human aspiration." And he concludes his heartening story: "You can't beat the people who built and are still building this America."



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## BOOKS AND ATROCITY STORIES

A BOOK has just been published which deserves one of two fates. If it can reasonably be established that what it says is true, then it should be brought before the attention of every person in America who knows how to read a printed page. If, on the other hand, the book's reliability cannot be proved, then it represents perhaps the severest count to be brought against any American publisher in this war.

The book is called "Bushido."* It appears over the name of Alexandre Pernikoff, who is identified on the jacket as having observed the Japanese at close range for more than twenty years. Mr. Pernikoff, however, is actually only a literary middleman in the case, since he re-wrote and put the story together, according to his statement, from notes turned over to him by an "Oleg Volgin"—the pseudonym he has given for protective purposes to a young man who had reason to trust him with the story of his experiences in Manchuria, where he had been involved with the Japanese. The story itself is more than merely sensational: it is a piercing, chilling book, something that does for Japan—only much more so—what Jan Valtin did for Germany in "Out of the Night." (This is not to be construed in any way as impugning the character of Mr. Valtin, for his book, compared to "Bushido," was a model of documentation and scholarly restraint.)

Whether intentional or otherwise, "Oleg Volgin" emerges from this story as the most repulsive and morally bankrupt individual to appear in any non-fiction book, labelled as such, in recent years. He entered the employ of the Japanese in "Harbin," Manchuria, and stool-pigeoned against his Russian townsfolk. In so doing, he was witness to lurid, perverted tortures inflicted by the Japanese not only upon the native people but upon their own spies and agents—sometimes for no reason other than to "train" their minds. Volgin himself was given the course on the "second floor," where he was put through a routine of prolonged and intensive torture, much of which involved bodily and sexual abominations beyond even the most perverted imagination. After leaving the "second floor" he outsmarts the Japanese, supposedly, and escapes to China only to be forced to return to Manchuria because his family is held as hostage.

The difficulty in discussing such books is fairly obvious. Atrocities *are* happening in this war, as witness Lidice, the mass crimes against the Polish people, the murder of millions of Jews, the documented torture of American and British citizens by the Japanese, to say nothing of poison gases used against the Chinese civilians by the Japanese—all these are matter of record and must not be forgotten if we are really interested in preserving the principle of justice after this war. This is a bill the Axis has run up and will have to pay.

But that is why it is all the more important that the records be kept as accurately as possible. We can be reasonably certain that within a few years after this war is over, there will be all sorts of attempts made to prove that the American people were hornswoggled and bamboozled into the conflict by insidious propaganda. Anything that deals with atrocity stories will be grabbed up as evidence that the people had lost their sanity and were ready to believe anything as long as it fed their emotions. The documented accounts already in the record will be ignored or put aside in favor of the first thing that seems to have a synthetic base. This may or may not appear to be of any moment now, but one of the dangers we have to guard against today is anything that may go into the making of an introverted, sour mood of disillusion after this war; for that spirit of cynicism will be a deadly suction upon our ability to hold up our part in a world peace.

To come back to our opening point: If "Bushido" can be substantiated (the story itself is as stingy in its supporting material as it is elaborate in its detail of raw horror), then it of course becomes part of the record against the enemy and ought to be read from one end of the country to the other, and let the gasps and chills fall where they may. Failing such substantiation, however, all the facts connected with its publication should be brought to light. Should it be said that the very nature of the book makes it almost impossible of substantiation, the obvious answer is that in such a case it should never have been published in the first place.

It should be emphasized that we are making no charges. We are, however, asking questions on a matter that should be of strong concern to all connected with the writing and making of books. It would be impossible to exaggerate the size and scope of the publisher's responsibility at a time such as this, especially where it concerns a subject heavily charged with dynamite, where an explosion, if it happens, may reach out far beyond the particular book or books involved. From the publisher's own point of view—passing for the moment from the larger considerations of public policy and public welfare—he certainly does not want to place himself in a vulnerable position. There is always a large market for the lurid; anyone who attempts to ride such a tide regardless of the larger issues involved should be brought to book. War profiteering is no less reprehensible in literature than in any other field.

N. C.

*"Bushido." By Alexandre Pernikoff. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 284 pp. $2.75.

## Apple Tree in the Fall

**By Mollie Ruth Bottoms**

THERE is nothing that the apple tree can say
Of what happens to the apple in the fall;
Though it may have a preference in a way,
Its authority is really very small.

If power of tree by tree cannot be stated,
Nor quite revealed beyond the shielding bark,
It may be weighed by limb or estimated
By secret which is written in the dark.

And whenever laughing spring returns with wonder,
Translation of this secret may be seen;
For hidden mirth will break the bark asunder
And blossom in a language white and clean.

Though a thousand thousand apples should be taken,
New dreams of newer apples shall awaken.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Ain't It the Truth?

SIR:—Ten years ago, May, 1933, I gave the history of *ain't* in *The English Journal,* tradepaper of licensed launderers of our national speech. Although I proved that the taboo on *ain't* arose from nicenellyism and persisted from sheer wrongheadedness, nobody ever deigned to notice my laborious research. Even Henry Mencken's spies and clipping agents missed my coyly titled paper, "Fire in Our Ears." Now Jacques Barzun [*SRL,* Feb. 13, 1943, p. 4] flies to the defense of this omnipresent word at the same moment *Life* [Feb. 15, 1943, p. 30] editorializes: "There is a kind of good rough common sense in believing that what can't be put clearly probably ain't so." *Ain't* was used daily by Swift and other 18th-century writers; 19th-century prissy purifiers of the language taught pupils to have chills run up the spine at the sound of the word. Just as chaste ladies were to faint when Byron appeared, students still are asked to be horrified at the illiteracy of *ain't.* By such rules of etiquette the teaching of the English tongue has been stultified, and native vigor has been supplanted by the sesquipedalianism ridiculed by Mr. Barzun.

HARRY R. WARFEL.
Hyattsville, Md.

## Watson Knew

SIR:—There are blasphemies so enormous that the pure of heart can only pray in the secret places for their undoing. Mr. Sandoe must know how tortured in their souls the Irregulars have been at the violence done to the Sacred Writings by the voices of terror and the secret weapons that have come out of Hollywood to profane the Baker Street scene; he must know that we would hold it to be better far for Sherlock Holmes to be lying shattered in the mists of the Reichenbach Falls than to have him skipping debonairly along Wilshire Boulevard attired in a zoot-suit and a pork-pie deerstalker.

Yet we have held our peace, confident in the ultimate triumph of right and heedful of the words of the Master himself. For did he not say, speaking of the consequences of a much less heinous crime: "The wages of sin, Watson—the wages of sin! Sooner or later it will always come"?

EDGAR W. SMITH.
Buttons, B.S.I.
Maplewood, N. J.

## An Open Letter to Mr. Bromfield

SIR:—You simply cannot stop the story of "Mrs. Parkington" with that dinner table scene in which old Judge Everett and Dr. Louis Fischer are left with the problem of how to get rid of our materialistic, water closet civilization with $47,000,000.

The whole of the novel is just a prelude to this moment when the delightful old lady says to the lawyer and the psychiatrist, here is $47,000,000, you straighten out our world's disorder. If you think you can go fishing now, you're crazy. Well, not crazy, really, but mean.

Your faith in lawyers and psychiatrists may be justified and if so, don't leave us not knowing what they did with the $47,000,000.

We've heard before about rugged individualists like Major Parkington who were lovable and ruthless and who made fragile individualists out of us, their descendants; we've even read before of the kind of nincompoops Amory Stilham and his Wall Street friends represent, and we've read about charming, strong-minded old ladies. But never before has anyone ever glimpsed the future with the handsome opportunity that Mrs. Parkington has provided her lawyer and her psychiatrist. —

Please, the sequel!

MAJORIE EDWARDS.
San Francisco, California

"It's a bargain. Half a million words and no two of them alike."

## The Place of the Poet

SIR:—The suggestions about poets advanced by your correspondent Mr. William L. Hassett, seem, at first blush, to be a peculiar perversion of the ideas said to have been entertained by certain primitive peoples, who, in order to make sure that the tribal bard attended strictly to business, put out the poor fellow's eyes. Mr. Hassett, it seems, would have the unfortunate poet put out his own eyes!

But, of course, there is no real parallel between Mr. Hassett's ideas and those of the rude primitives, who valued the bards in inverse ratio to their functioning along the lines which he prescribes. Purely as a matter of slight conversation it would have been well if the bards themselves had shared Mr. Hassett's notions, but the advantage thus gained would almost certainly have been offset by a huge incidence of violent deaths amongst them. They would have been shoved casually off of high cliffs, to the accompaniment of raucous laughter; instead of being honored participants around the sacrificial stone, they would have been strapped securely to it; in short, they would have been disposed of as useless nuisances, and the poetic strain in the human family might well have died aborning,—in which case there would now be no sweet singers to follow Mr. Hassett's advice and drown out with gentle music the sound of depth bombs and block busters.

(MISS) FLORENCE C. ROBERTS.
Rockford, Illinois.

## Regional Issues

SIR:—I am inpelled to add my voice to the chorus of congratulations which I am sure is resounding in your ears because of the occasional regional numbers. They are grand!

I pass the usual copies on to friends who appreciate them, but the regional numbers have a place in my permanent library. May the good work continue!

H. LOUISE C. BUCHNER.
Baltimore, Md.



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# Education Goes to War

ORDWAY TEAD

TWO recent volumes* are exhibits in the case of the people's education versus the war. They are meritorious, useful, and constructive. It is gratifying to know that the young men at Lawrenceville School were offered such thoughtful if uneven fare by such diverse leaders of thought as Herbert Agar, Pearl S. Buck, Reinhold Niebuhr, and others give them in "Men of Tomorrow." The total tone and temper of the messages in these nine lectures is right and timely.

Similarly, the work of Messrs. Meyer and Cross, "Education for Democratic Survival," supplies a useful manual on war aims and how to teach them effectively. It will undoubtedly help secondary school teachers to vitalize their instruction and enrich their background knowledge.

The heart of the problem posed by the war's impact on education is, however, touched only obliquely by these two books. Yet it is the heart of the problem which needs to be probed. Even that "heart" will be located in different parts of the social anatomy by various social doctors. By some the educational ills will be diagnosed as those of old age, by others as those of poor functioning, by others as too rapid growth placing an unwarranted burden on the educational organ and thus producing chronic strain. My own current stethoscopic report follows.

Our democracy's faith in education is in one sense sublime. Come war, come peace, this problem and that are thrust by legal enactment or public sentiment upon "education" to solve. Now in wartime with commendable devotion we all rush to education—or rather to training—to meet our emergency needs. High schools are committed to more and more "pre-induction" courses. Colleges are snatching at every straw of income and are under contract to army and navy where possible, with many more contractual tie-ups to follow in the wake of the lowered draft age. Presumably, once boys of draft age are in uniform, whatever further formal education of any sort any of them is to receive will be determined largely, if not wholly, by the army and navy. England, we should be reminded in passing, from the outset adopted a policy based on experience in the first World War, of having manpower allocation and utilization of higher educational facilities under the Ministry of Labor with consultative advice from the other branches. As far as our boys of pre-draft age are concerned, the pre-induction courses designed by the army for laudable speed-up purposes, are now being proffered for voluntary acceptance through federal to state to local high schools.

It would be false to say that education had experienced or was about to experience an all-out conversion to the services of the god of war. But it is not false to say that the capitulation of educational authorities to the directives of the war arms of the government, is a sobering indication of lack of conviction on the part of these leaders as to what it is they want, what it is they believe the nation needs educationally, and how they believe it can be obtained. There is no room for argument from my own point of view, as to the great need of far more educational effort focused directly on technical training for applied war uses. But such instruction is training (centered on special skills) and not education (centered on capacity to live meaningfully).

Where, as all this goes on, is the study of American history with its concern for the developing democratic aspiration, the study of the great Anglo-Saxon literature, with its ethical sensitiveness and moral evocation in harmony with the promptings of the great men of letters of all ages? Where is the effort to develop citizens able and willing to "do business with" the peoples of the East on a basis of brotherhood and not on the preconception of "the white man's burden?" Where is the assurance that student and teacher alike are so clearly committed to devotion to the public good that their service on its behalf becomes a lofty moral obligation?

*—Drawing by Cesare, from "The Good Inheritance."*

The very posing of these questions in wartime will raise the gorge of some—as being irrelevant and immaterial. But to me the posing of them, and the need for posing them, only point the more closely to the poverty of our educational aims in war or peace times. The heart of the problem is that our sense of the aims of education is so confused, that we so completely lack clarity and agreement about them, that we are always in danger of spending our money for that which is not bread.

At one moment we as a democracy ask education to shoulder the burden of making us all fit to govern ourselves. And at the next moment we are forced to justify retaining in operation the whole humanities side of education; and forced to fight for appropriations that would enable us adequately to carry forward the total enterprise. A penetrating look at education as it goes to war, prompts us to wonder as to whether it has aims it can persuasively defend.

THOSE ends are, I believe, essentially plural. They have to do with a clear conception of what our culture is and how it is to be conserved, understood, and enriched. They have to do with a closer interpenetration of the content of cultural and so-called vocational education. They include imparting a more-than-intellectual and a superrational sense for the meaning and value of democracy itself. They include conscious training for an ability to sustain a life of reason, an activity of the critical intelligence, which is richer than mere facility with "the scientific method." And finally they have historically to do with some awareness of the "sacred," with that in human experience (however verbalized) for which we are by common consent eager to cherish a sense of reverence. And if there is today no such common consent in these matters, a recognition of the vacuum here and of the need for filling it—this lack and need should be held persistently in view against that day when wider agreement may arise out of fresh insights deeply felt and made commonly articulate.

These ends are, of course, not only educational ends. They relate to the quality of life throughout a democratic society. They characterize a whole way of life in the democratic manner. They relate to what we fight for. *They are what we fight for.* To postpone striving for these ends then,

(Continued on page 21)

*MEN OF TOMORROW. Edited by Thomas H. Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 247 pp. $2.*

*EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRATIC SURVIVAL. By Walter E. Meyer and Clay Cross. Washington, D. C.: Civic Education Service. 1942. 264 pp. $1.50.*



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# TRADE Winds

THE Editors of *The Saturday Review of Literature* have had the strange idea that they can celebrate Bennett Cerf's first annniversary as motorman of this column by having me write about him. So be it!

To begin with there is the matter of pronouncing Bennett's last name. Some hold that it should rhyme with *surf*. Others, the writer included, like to give it the fuller value obtained by a quick and easy, monosyllabic pronunciation of *serif*. With this latter form in mind, it is proposed that all persons substituting for Bennett should have as a sub-title for Trade Winds the simple phrase, *Sans Cerf*.

However his name is rightly pronounced, there is no question in anyone's mind but that he should be described as one of the most ebullient persons in the book business. Stories about him not only are legion, but also apocryphal, and one hardly knows what to believe and what to take with a dose of salts.

Once upon a time, that would be in the early twenties, he was a capitalist with a tenuous (*sic*) Wall Street connection. But a fateful luncheon with Dick Simon ended all that. Dick's account of the publishing business—he was then a salesman for the fabulous Horace Liveright—intrigued Bennett and he made the mistake of saying, "Gee—it must be fun to publish books!" Dick said it was. Bennett asked how you went about getting a job in publishing. Dick said, "Do you want one?" Bennett said something unkind about high finance, and "Sure." So Dick called his bluff with "How would you like my job?"—he had already made plans with a young fellow named Schuster to start a publishing company. They were going to take a flier on something that turned out to be crossword puzzles. Bennett got the job despite the fact that he was late to the appointment Dick had made for him with Liveright. The dice now were fully loaded, because the firm of Boni and Liveright had on their list a series of books called The Modern Library which in those days had a smelly imitation leather cover that repelled humans and attracted mice—the plant where they were bound used to be called the olfactory. Bennett was now a salesman, and he's been one ever since. For a while he just sold books, but even that can be enervating, and the time came when he needed or at least wanted a vacation. In those days, all vacationers went to Europe. A half-hour before he left the office of Boni and Liveright to get on the boat, Liveright manifested money-trouble. Bennett's sympathy got the better of him, for in the matter of some twenty minutes, so the legend goes, he had smoothed out all of Horace's difficulties. He made the boat, carrying in his pocket a makeshift but thoroughly legal title to The Modern Library.

Dick Simon and Anita Loos and her husband were on the boat. Dick and Bennett liked to tell stories to the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," because it was so hard to get more than a single appreciative "Heh!" (the phonetic form her chuckle took) out of her. Once in a while she would react to an especially good one with

—*Museum of Modern Art*

**Caricature of Columnist Cerf by Jack Eisner.**

"Heh! Heh!" The two of them laid wagers concerning the number of dry "Heh!'s" they could make her emit. Dick won on the last night out with fifty-seven, obtained unfairly by singing a Bronx Ballad that had that many verses.

But two-month vacations are soon over, and Bennett returned to clean up the Modern Library with the aid of a working partner, Donald Klopfer. Titles that didn't sell went out, and so did the smell. And the triangular torch-dancer used on the front cover gave way to the muscle-bound, relay racer carrying a flaming baton after the manner of Nijinsky. Bennett was the salesman, and Modern Library prospered. Bennett was a collector of books in those days, and among the books he coveted, but did not own, were the lavish publications of The Nonesuch Press, which he couldn't buy at a discount consistent with what he thought was his position in the industry. This made him so mad that he threatened to take over the American agency if he couldn't get a discount for himself any other way. He ended up with the agency. And then, needing a suitable name for an agency that would be dealing with fifty dollar quartos and ten dollar duodecimos, Random House was born. As an agency for fine Press books, and as an original publisher of special editions like Rockwell Kent's "Candide," Random House did well enough to last until a certain momentous day in October of the year 1929. There are no public documents that make clear just what happened to Random House as the result of the forces that were let loose at that time, but it wasn't long before Random House began to take on the shape and color of a trade publishing house, as opposed to the elegant dilettante-ism it had had before. Also, it is said that The Modern Library received more of the personal attention of Mr. Cerf in 1930 than it had enjoyed for some time. He was seen oftener in the book stores, and gave the dealers better merchandising schemes and new display racks.

THE stage was now set for real accomplishment. Modern Library became a straight and strong backbone. Random House was revamped for competitive publishing, and Bennett began cultivating authors, columnists, the theatre, and the movies. Liking the theatre, and having once worked for the publisher of Eugene O'Neill, it is not strange that he began to publish plays; nor is it strange that as a result of this connection he knows everyone on Broadway not excluding Olsen and Johnson. His authors have always run the gamut. If he has Gertrude Stein, then he can match her with Vincent Sheean. And if James Joyce becomes his author, so does Sinclair Lewis. He has Elizabeth Hawes, that couturial turncoat and patch-proponent, as well as Elliot Paul, the boogy-woogy-man of both literature and music.

Contact with these creative geniuses inspired him to more than publishing, and he began editing a long list of anthologies. No one knows where he acquired the background for this work—some people even say that they don't believe he has it—but all agree that he picks good stories. His latest anthology is the twenty-five cent "Pocket Book of War Humor" which he sent out to his friends with an engraved parchment card that must have cost a dollar. Never having had a Random House book that went over a hundred



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thousand copies, he still cannot believe that more than four hundred thousand copies of "War Humor" have been sold. In Russia early in the 30's, he was puzzled by the speed and distance faces of political commissars fell when he mentioned, not without pride, that he had published a book for a Russian by the name of Trotsky. That trip to Russia, incidentally, was paid for, via the backgammon board, by the New-Yorker publisher of a well-known magazine. His luck is phenomenal. After two dismal failures at the ship's pool (not *swimming*), he refused to buy in on the third night and went to bed in disgust. The steward woke him in the morning to tell him he had taken the liberty of doing so for him, and almost got pushed out of the port-hole for his pains. That was the day he won.

Cerf has been very active in connection with the Council on Books in War Time, being the creator of the designation "Imperative," the first award of which went to White's "They Were Expendable." More important than that, though, is the fact that via the Council he has gotten on the radio in a weekly program, WQXR, called "Books are Bullets." Each week he interviews an author or two. One week he had both Walter Duranty and Gypsy Rose Lee on the same program. His voice was the only thing against him at first, and he had a slight shock when he heard the play-back of his first broadcast. Some said that he was trying to steal Henry Aldrich's thunder, but others credited nervousness. At any rate his voice has come down to earth now, and its age has gone up to forty, and he has developed a radio presence and personality that probably will not be stopped by small things like the winning of the war, and the dissolution of the Council. They say that only two programs have ever been cancelled "at the last moment" on WQXR. Once a speaker died. The other time Bennett *almost* did, his guest, the head of the Writers' War Board, forgetting to show up. It is at such times that Bennett's floor-pacing shows up best. In introducing Norman Angell—shortly after Clare Boothe Brokaw Luce, female Congressman from Connecticut, had pulled her *globull* about *globaloney*—Bennett observed that the times called for "clear, lucid thinking" rather than "Clare Luceish thought." With Dorothy Thompson, he had a hell of a time. Every statement he made, Dorothy contradicted.

His program goes on the air at five fifteen and is accompanied by appropriate but mysterious sound effects. The announcer says something about "Books are bullets . . ." and in the background, quite audible and effective—even on the records, there is an obbligato of banging and exploding. It is not any of WQXR's doing. Upstairs, immediately overhead, are the offices of the Greek War Relief Society, and every Wednesday, just before Bennett goes on the air, these noises commence. No one seems to know what they are, not even the Greeks.

ORIGINALLY, Bennett prepared his scripts, but he now has an expert, Nan Taylor, to do them for him. He just prepares his introductory remarks. Mrs. Taylor admits, though, that Bennett's development as a radio performer is now at the stage where he doesn't hesitate to ad lib *at liberty*. The most apocryphal story of all about Bennett is that he and a few kindred spirits went to Walter Winchell's last broadcast before going to South America, and immediately after he came off the air had an attendant rush up to him with a trumped-up press-association dispatch that said "Hitler Commits Suicide."

Despite the fact that Bennett does not get to work until ten-thirty or eleven, and even then goes out of his way to buy a boutonniere, he works hard, usually beginning about five or five-thirty, as Jezebel (his faithful secretary) knows only too well, she having had some fifteen years' experience with him and his ways. He likes to start dictating on the morning's mail as the others are about to leave at the end of a full day's work. This is probably why he always goes back to his office after his broadcast, refusing to have cocktails with his radio guests.

In addition to his radio work, he has recently been much in demand as a toastmaster, speaker, and chairman at meetings—Boston, even, having fallen for him. He is supposed to have established some sort of precedent on the air by remarking that of course every one knew that Mussolini had syphilis. Bennett has a great future, part of which undoubtedly will be an appearance as Fred Allen's guest. In the meantime he remains the publishing business's most diversified executive, and Leonard Lyon's most-mentioned bookman. *Flash!* Columbia University Press's *Pleasures of Publishing* (and that means Nicholas Murray Butler, *ex-officio*) has just appointed Bennett Associate in Night Watchmanship to serve under Dean Christopher Morley; they also proclaim this National Bennett Cerf week, saying that the industry owes him much for keeping a glad eye on Gypsy Rose Lee as well as on the publishing business.

DONALD PORTER GEDDES.

*Donald Porter Geddes, the giant of the publishing industry* (6 *ft.* 4 *in.*, 240 *lbs.*) *was impresario of the Columbia University Press before his present connection with Pocket Books.*


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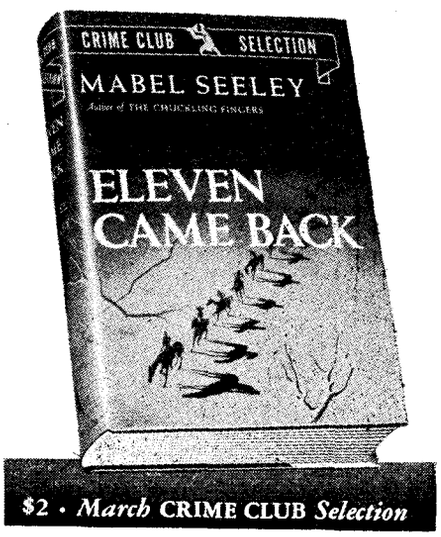


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# The Man They Tried to Kill

*THE SWORD AND THE FLAME. Heinrich Heine, Works of Prose. Edited by Hermann Kesten. New York: L. B. Fischer Publishing Corporation.* 1943. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

THIS reviewer remembers an evening in the Berlin "Kammersaele" back in 1931. Dr. Goebbels, then *gauleiter* of the Nazi party, addressed a gathering of journalists, teachers, critics, and writers. The target of his vitriolic attacks were the "asphalt literati," the hated liberal, humanistic, "non Aryan," and socialistic writers who later on were to be burnt. Referring to one of them as "among the arch-enemies of what we stand for," Dr. Goebbels exclaimed with a face twisted in anger and rage: "We shall kill him, kill him, kill him." By that time, however, the man to whom Dr. Goebbels referred with such passionate desire to murder has lain for three quarters of a century under the sod. But when you open the handsome volume of selected works of prose of Heinrich Heine—ably selected by Hermann Kesten and well translated by E. B. Ashton—and when you begin to read pieces like "The German Revolution," or "Liberty and National Character," or "Of Israel's Love of Freedom," or those last sentences of "Martin Luther," you will quickly realize how right Dr. Goebbels was in treating Heine as a man alive.

They tried indeed, and tried very hard to kill Heine after they had come to power in Germany. Heine's books were banished from the libraries and publicly burned. Mention of Heine was not allowed in textbooks for public and high schools. The new approved historians of literature heaped insult and abuse on Heine. His monument at Hamburg was destroyed, and when Paris was occupied by the German armies in the spring of 1940, the iron basket for cards on the grave of Heine was smashed and the tombstone soiled by Nazi hands. But they could not kill him. Not even inside that huge concentration camp called the Third Reich. For, as Louis Untermeyer points out in his preface, Heine's "ever-popular songs" are "still printed in Germany" though "they have been credited to 'Unknown Author.'" And it is a fact of genuine Heinesque irony, that eighty-seven years after his lips had uttered the last whisper, the Nazi Gestapo is busily hunting underground leaflets with quotations from the words of the man who wanted to be "first of all, a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity."

Hermann Kesten

Every anthology is, by its very nature, incomplete and partial. Mr. Kesten—one of the finest stylists of modern German literature, and in many respects an heir of Heine's wit, melancholy, and irony—has been very well aware of these "sins," and he calls upon the reader "to redeem the anthologist by reaching for the mutilated author's Complete Works," while "it is up to the publisher to have a modern translation made of the complete Heine and print it." For both purposes—to stimulate the readers' wish for more reading of Heine's prose, and to encourage the publisher to meet that wish—the present selection seems to be very well fit. It gives a good picture of the brilliant commentator on arts, philosophy, and politics; the witty and melancholic letter writer; the utopian dreamer with so much realistic sense; and (to quote Mr. Kesten's congenial definition) "the cousin of the romantic Wandering Jew, that universal *schlemihl* and wittiest victim of each tragic world convulsion."

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 466)**

KIPLING:

*THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN**

Oh, Adam was a Gardener, and
God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work
is done upon his knees;
So when your work is finished, you
can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden, that
it may not pass away!
(*And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away.*)

*England.



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# To Hastening Ills a Prey

*AMERICA'S NATURAL WEALTH: The Use and Abuse of Our Resources. By Richard Lieber. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1943. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

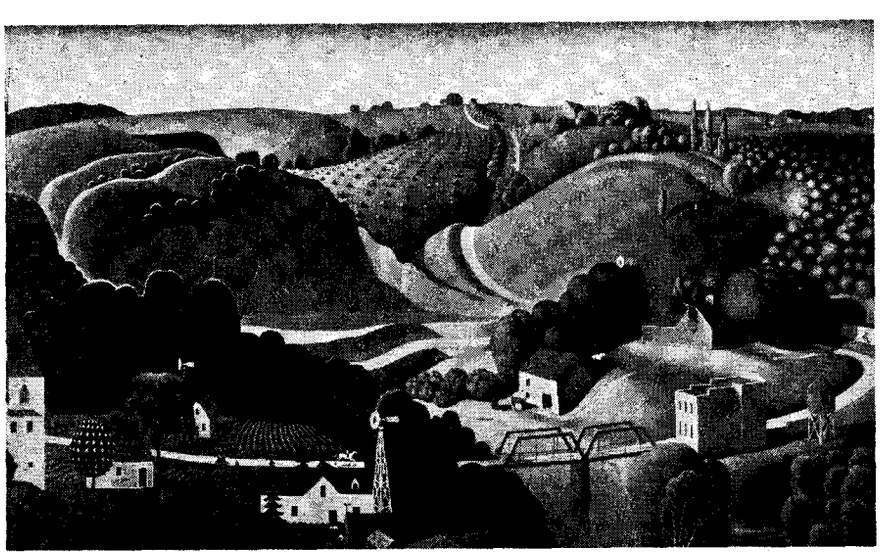
THIS is not a long and weighty work; it is brief; and in the best sense of the word it is complete. Colonel Lieber presents the matured view of a completely civilized man who looks upon the natural wealth of our country, including its people, as a living whole. Our greatest concern, our country, he exhibits as a "mortal engine" excellently arranged by nature, and proceeds to show how it has gone from good to bad, and from bad to worse, in point of natural wealth, ever since we white people took over from the Indians.

Slain timber and scenic values, depleted or departed wildlife, feebler crops of lessened feeding value, silted reservoirs, diminished power sources, streams and rivers that have become "carriers of filth and disease"—these are parts of a picture that conservationists have exhibited before, but scrappily, as a rule. Next to pacifists, the various schools of save-our-resource agitators that have arisen in this country since the days of Roosevelt I incline to be just about the scrappiest groups in our body politic. Lieber ruefully acknowledges this. "Even fly-casters and devotees of 'nigger fishing' won't agree," and the "bellicose conduct" of groups that want to keep nature intact, on the one hand, or cultivate for forest products, scenery, game, and crops, on the other, make the results of their efforts extremely scrappy.

So, again, with bureaucrats. The Colonel indicates circumspectly a sad awareness of the huge number of man-hours that have been wasted in the past few years by workers in the U. S. Forest Service, for instance, looking under their desks constantly to make sure that horrible Harold Ickes isn't lurking there to gobble their bureau up. And:

> Some one hundred and nine different plans of geographical subdivision of the United States are used by the various Government agencies . . . All this may be viewed in good humor and with charity, for it is all too human. Of much greater consequence is the large amount of waste in time and duplicated effort devoted to all phases of conservation.

If the present World War isn't being fought for resources, fundamentally, it has no cause at all. We continue to squander our marvelous natural endowment, in peace and in war. From a quarter century of experience in mid-West park and conservation administration this Indiana "colonel" argues valiantly for something better than "typical opera-bouffe county administration" raised to a national level. He is too urbane to say so bluntly; but he proves to the hilt that conservation in this country comes too often to mean conserving the crusading organization or bureau, ahead of conserving the integrated natural resource. I am as strong for the agricultural agencies of conservation as Lieber, a parks man, is for the agencies of the Department of the Interior; nevertheless, his sane and temperate argument for what Morris L. Cooke calls "total conservation" will, and must, lead all us conservationists to examine more scrupulously our separate small fetishes; and it is about time.



*—From the painting by Grant Wood*

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# The Phoenix Nest

A GREMLIN wearing a cocked hat and an old coat of buff and blue waltzed across our ceiling the other day and dropped the following neatly-typed comments upon our desk. He told us he considered himself a patriot and that he had "fit" at Valley Forge. The day after Christmas he was with Washington across the Delaware, and says he himself pussonally rounded up a hundred Hessians. Says his real name is or was Moses Gramling, and the best drummer in the hull durn army for flams, rolls, drags, and fantoons. With that he actually produced a small drum from somewhere, and began making such a noise on it that we had to order him out of the office. He went out by the window. When we examined the slips of paper he had fluttered down upon us, we found the following:

THOUGHTS OF A CONGRESSWOMAN

O Time and Life, O Life and Time,
That I'm their Curlylocks glad I'm!

ON THE HEAD OF A CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE

Our homegrown Fascist—ain't it funny—
Is given wads of the taxpayers' money!

ON A MILITARY HERO TALKING IN PUBLIC

A query with memories undying:
Why don't the fliers stick to flying?

Then there was another slip that simply said, "More later. M. G." We hope so.

## The Case of Ezra Pound

As this department is devoted to the interests of poetry, we wish to quote here a bit from a long review, by Malcolm Cowley in *The New Republic,* of the absorbing "Twentieth Century Authors" edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft and published by the H. W. Wilson Company—and incidentally a *must* for every literary reference shelf. What Cowley says about Ezra Pound strikes us as so very clear and fair that it warrants wide distribution. Pound has got himself into a jam, and this explains, with entire truth as it seems to us, just why and how he got that way. The poetry of Ezra Pound, whether he likes America or not, will always be a national literary heritage of importance. He has done some of the most distinguished work of our time. We should like first to quote the concluding paragraph of Alice Steiner Amdur's "The Poetry of Ezra Pound" (Harvard University Press):

> But we are also leaving a man who has done more for poetry than almost any of his contemporaries. We may belittle his general ideas; there is no belittling his poetic achievement. Pound entered the service of English letters when the grate was cold. He stirred up the embers of poetry and kindled a flame that has lasted twenty years. If he seems outmoded now it is because the fire no longer needs his care, and he has run off into the night after will-o'-the-wisps.

Now to quote from Malcolm Cowley:

> Time after time he was on the point of becoming almost a popular poet, but always he shied away from success like a colt from the bridle. . . . In spite of all his efforts, he had acquired by 1930 a band of disciples willing to admire and imitate his transformations. He must have feared that they would end by catching up with him—they might even deprive him of his freedom—and therefore his next step was the most desperate of all. He plunged head over heels into Social Credit and began describing himself as an economist instead of a poet.
>
> At that time the fascists in Italy were looking for American allies. They explained that Social Credit was really quite similar to their own ideas of the Corporate State, and Pound was silly enough to believe them. . . . We know the rest of the story. He tried to leave Italy a year ago on the train that carried our diplomats and newspaper correspondents, but by that time his record was so black that our government refused to give him a visa. Soon he returned to his short-wave broadcasts, which had become his only source of income and which, by the way, are so obscure in a crabbedly personal fashion that nobody in this country bothers to listen. Years ago, I had several long talks with Pound, and I now find it hard to believe that he is a fascist at heart, an apostle of racism or an enemy of his own country. It seems to me rather that a succession of literary attitudes and the habit of trying to amaze his readers have involved him in an utterly false and evil situation from which there is no retreat.

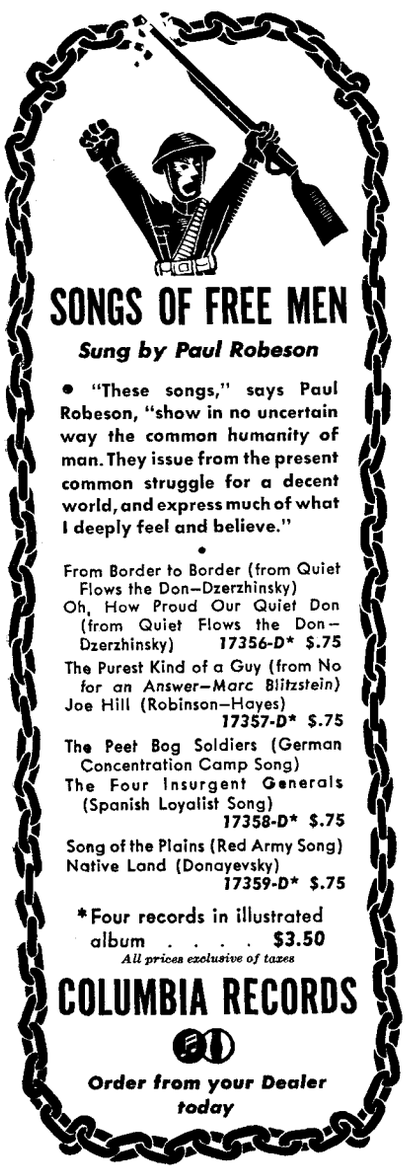
That sounds to us like darn good sense, spoken of a man who in the realm of pure poetry has approached greatness.

## With a Bow to Simeon Strunsky

We have spent a lot of our life being annoyed with the Middle Class—probably all those who follow an art, so to speak, find themselves doing that. There are certain middle-class virtues, and there are also characteristics of middle-class people that give one a migraine. But recently a particularly pleasant column in *The New York Times,* by our old friend, Simeon Strunsky, on the Middle Class, set us thinking about the United States as they actually are; and also a remark by Vice-President Wallace that this is "an America where we can all become members of the Middle Class." Of course, there is the matter of definition: what you mean by the Middle Class may not be just what *I* mean by same. But, in general, we know pretty well what we mean. In general, the trouble may be that, in spite of some glaring social inequalities and of certain perduring economic idiocies, this country is in time of peace—not in time of panic!—a pretty darn comfortable country for most of the people to live in. It could easily be made entirely comfortable for all. But compared to what Europe has gone through, we have been living the life of Riley for many years. Hence, this ballade:

THE COUNTRY OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

This is a fact at which we used to sneer,
A mystery we murmur in our sleep,
A shibboleth the Rightists would revere,
A truth in long-tilled soil embedded deep;
Nor does it mean that men are merely sheep,
Nor should the phrase be greeted with "Alas!"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'Tis a strange secret that we seem to keep:
We are a Country of the Middle Class.

The Czars and Maharajahs ruled through fear,
And now Dictators sow and redly reap;
This Nation's history is rough and queer:
Croesus would loll while toiling masses creep;
Not merely women but most men must weep
While the strong few great fortunes would amass.
Yet, hearken! When hope's tide seems at the neap—
We are a Country of the Middle Class.

Millions of people in this hemisphere,
Employed for gain, are toiling up the steep
Toward tablelands where better things appear,
Though few as yet may "into glory peep"!
"Bourgeoisie" forty millions (as men clepe
That mental state that goes with cows at grass!)
Live in unparalleled comfort—*Ah, quel type!*
We are a Country of the Middle Class.

*L'Envoi*

Prince, it is long since you've been Top o' the Heap!
The One stays not—the Many change and pass
Toward a New World—in armored tank and jeep—
Triumphant army of the Middle Class!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## EDUCATION GOES TO WAR

(*Continued from page* 14)

to obscure them, to turn educational enterprises largely over to special training purposes—this is to bring up a generation which is in danger of being strangers to the very undergirdings of life and outlook, which they are being asked to work and fight for.

It is not impossible to educate and to train in the course of the same educational process. But it is impossible if the educators have lost their bearings and have abandoned their aims, even if temporarily. And the longer the war, the more acute the danger. It will be next thing to fatal if in the continuing war we bring on a body of young citizens who are technologically competent but morally untutored and humanly illiterate. Responsibility for a proper balance of emphasis here is not, or should not be, with the military authorities. It is one which should be with the civil and civilizing agencies of the community. We can be at once technically competent to win a war and humanly alert to win the peace.

As we look ahead, and look out upon the chaotic conditions faced after an armistice in Europe and Asia, the fruits of our educational efforts in the immediate future must, furthermore, be fruits which will nourish and support the larger tasks we face.

It is a task for which a new orientation of educational emphasis should **at once** be available, to the extent humanly possible. It is an emphasis upon what has been called a "universalism" of approach to world problems, upon a "cultured pluralism," upon our American realization that there can be unity in diversity in the forms which human organization in other lands may take to serve common ends. For this emphasis to have any operational meaning, it implies in American education more foreign language study, more comparative culture study, more world history instead of solely occidental history. From here out the frame of reference of all study is global; it is no longer "Aryan." Education will continue to have its operating meaning largely in terms of American institutions and ways of life. But definitely and solidly upon the foundation of national loyalty will be superimposed the educational content and outlook that will also be universal, equalitarian, and supernational.

Our faith in education, I repeat, is sublime. But it will be a faith warranted by performance and results only if we keep the educators loyal to their faith and the fighters loyal to their function.

# The Criminal Record

### The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| THE D. A.'s DAUGHTER<br>*Herman Petersen*<br>(Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.) | Violent demise of lovely widow stirs sleuthing powers of post-adolescent lass and her faithful but worried young swain. | Youthful detectives perform excellently through series of comic and shuddery episodes and steal show from up-state N. Y. professionals. | Exhilarating |
| NIGHT OVER THE WOOD<br>*Hugh Addis*<br>(Dodd, Mead: $2.) | Unloved head of bizarre Western family found at bottom of well. Girl later decapitated. Football star helps cops. | Chilling, but rather overwritten, tale of family hickens that came home to roost—and kill. Some fantastic characters and good detecting. | Middling |
| THE CASE OF THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR<br>*Aaron Marc Stein*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | College prof, who likes his likker, stumbles on corpse and thinks he's murderer. Tim Mulligan and Elsie May Hunt disillusion him. | Thrilling and lively opus with considerable campus scandal, well-drawn college characters, whiff of archaeology, and hard-to-guess solution. | Good |
| DEATH IN THE BLACKOUT<br>*Anthony Gilbert*<br>(Smith & Durrell: $2.) | Meeting of lawyer-sleuth Arthur Crook and slightly addled Mr. "Tea Cozy" begins series of sinister occurrences in London during blitz. | Crook's rather unscrupulous but effective methods solve educated killer's many crimes with wit and cleverness. Characters and background highly agreeable | Well done |
| DEATH IN THE DOLL'S HOUSE<br>*Hannah Lees* and *Laurence Blochman*<br>(Random House: $2.) | Little girl suffering from shock holds answer to murder of mother and father's wounding. Fumbling young medico helps sleuth Honeychuck. | Dr. Farragon and nurse Judy satisfactorily dominate high-tensioned and carefully worked out tale in which psychiatry plays leading part. | Very good |

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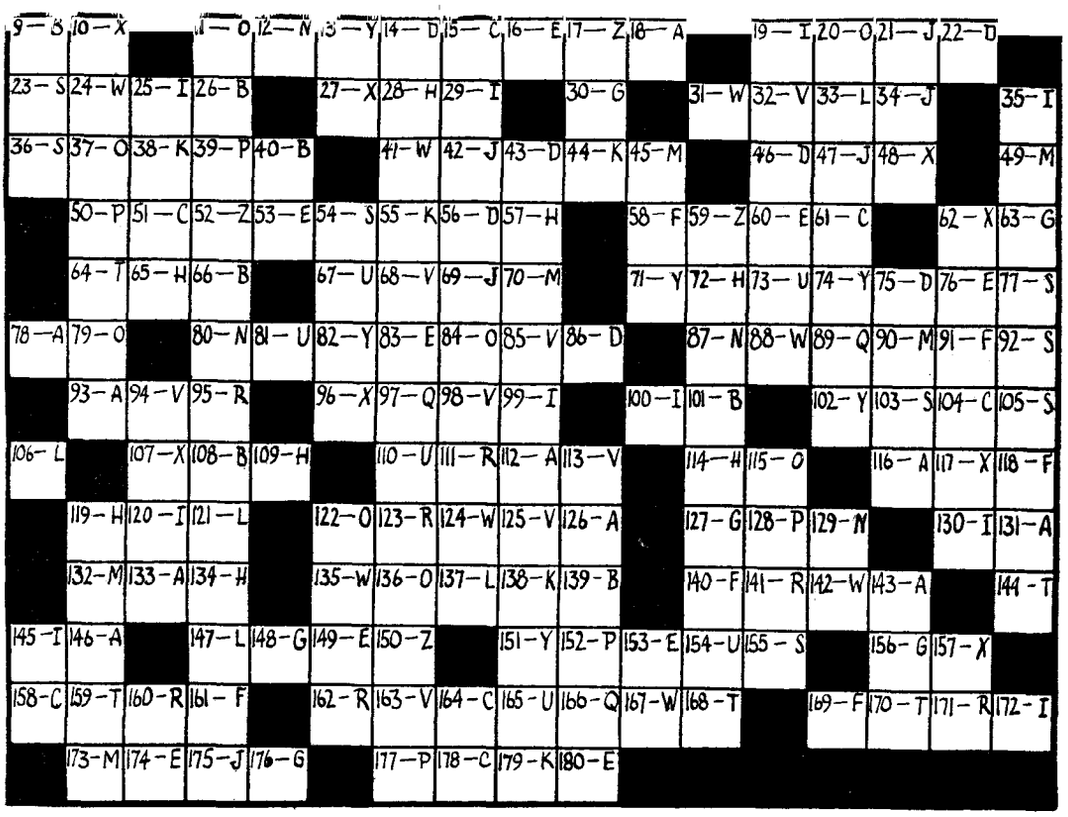
# The Crostics Club

PERHAPS some of you New York DCers met Viotti recently through Fritz Kreisler's interpretation of his A Minor Concerto. When Marion Rous, dynamic interpreter of symphonic programs, asked a group of us if we had previously heard of Viotto, I humbly confessed that I had stumbled across his name in search of a word beginning with V that might utilize two t's. I scarcely expected to meet him so soon!

Frances Ames Randall, composer of that apostrophe to Viotti, now contributes *ailurophobia,* from a newspaper article, to "tease some faint-hearted DC addicts." I do relish such undictionary words for my own use, but how in fairness may I give them to you? And how can I justify my own preference for *Am'nt I?* instead of *Am I not?* when it sets a practice for a class in English composition that must pass the Regents' exams? (That did happen years ago.) These are pertinent remarks in view of a letter just received from Atcheson L. Hench, University of Virginia, apropos of my query as to what constitutes authority in re the use of *discombobulate.* Obliterating the paragraph divisions I quote most of his letter:

"By 'authority' you mean, I judge, acceptability on the level of the best colloquial English and therefore on the level of writing too. . . . Aren't you confused about what gives 'authority' to words or meanings? . . . You and I and other speakers determine the levels upon which words are used and give authority to them. The dictionaries do nothing but attempt to record the facts about their usages. . . . It is always a mistake to consider a dictionary as in itself giving authority, as if it were *certain* to know more than you or I. It usually does know more, but not always. Being the product of a group of editors, it can never tell more than the editors know when they put the book together. Their tastes, their taboos, and their ignorances (and also dumb luck) cause omissions and mistakes. In the case of a certain word, an observant Bill Smith may know more facts about the meaning and usage of that word than the dictionary makers. In that case Bill's say-so is better than the dictionary's. . . . The staffs of dictionaries are improving all the time in their methods of collecting the facts about our language. But not this side of the millenium will they produce the perfect dictionary; and they usually know this truth better than anybody else. . . . Slavishness to the dictionary on the part of an uneducated or unobservant person is good discipline. But on the part of an educated or observant person, it is unwarranted subserviency. . . . I could illustrate all this till the cows come home, but could you bear up under it?"

E. S. K.




# Double-Crostics: No. 467

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.**

**DEFINITIONS**

**A.** The Siamese twins (1811-74).

**B.** Variation (Biol.)

**C.** Posthumous works.

**D.** Urgent; importunate.

**E.** Celerity.

**F.** Dipterous (comp.)

**G.** Alteration in word forms due to misapprehension of spoken sounds.

**H.** A kind of transparent or translucent stone used for windows by the ancients.

**I.** A ruffian or criminal (slang).

**J.** Very small strigiformes of Calif., Arizona, and Mexico (2 wds.)

**K.** Descended and perched again.

**L.** A gap in a wall or hedge for the passage of a wild animal.

**M.** Strait between the Adriatic Sea and the Mediterranean.

**N.** Engrossed in feeling, meditation, etc.

**O.** In a gentle pitch (comp.)

**P.** Musical compositions for which Chopin is famous.

**Q.** The female, negative, dark principle in Chinese philosophy.

**R.** To remember (2 wds.)

**S.** Father of the sisters who guarded the golden apples of sunset (Gr. myth.)

**T.** Ancient port of Rome.

**U.** Enclosed; bordered.

**V.** Across country.

**W.** The right to act or decide on one's own responsibility (2 wds.)

**X.** A contradiction in terms or ideas.

**Y.** Restores to vigor, etc.

**Z.** A boy's short-visored cap.

**WORDS**

93 133 116 131 18 78 112 126 146 143 2

108 66 101 26 40 5 139 9

51 178 158 104 164 61 15

75 22 14 43 46 56 86

83 60 16 180 76 174 153 53 140

7 169 3 140 1 91 58 161 118

127 156 148 63 30 176

72 65 109 28 57 114 119 134

120 130 19 172 35 100 145 29 99 25

175 47 42 8 21 34 69

138 44 179 55 38

147 121 137 106 33

173 132 45 49 6 70 90

12 87 80 129

79 20 122 37 136 115 84 11

39 4 128 50 152 177

89 97 166

171 141 111 95 160 123 162

23 36 54 105 92 103 77 155

144 168 64 170 159

81 73 67 110 165 154

68 98 32 163 125 94 85 113

31 124 142 24 135 41 88 167

27 117 107 62 48 157 96 10

74 13 151 82 102 71

52 150 59 17



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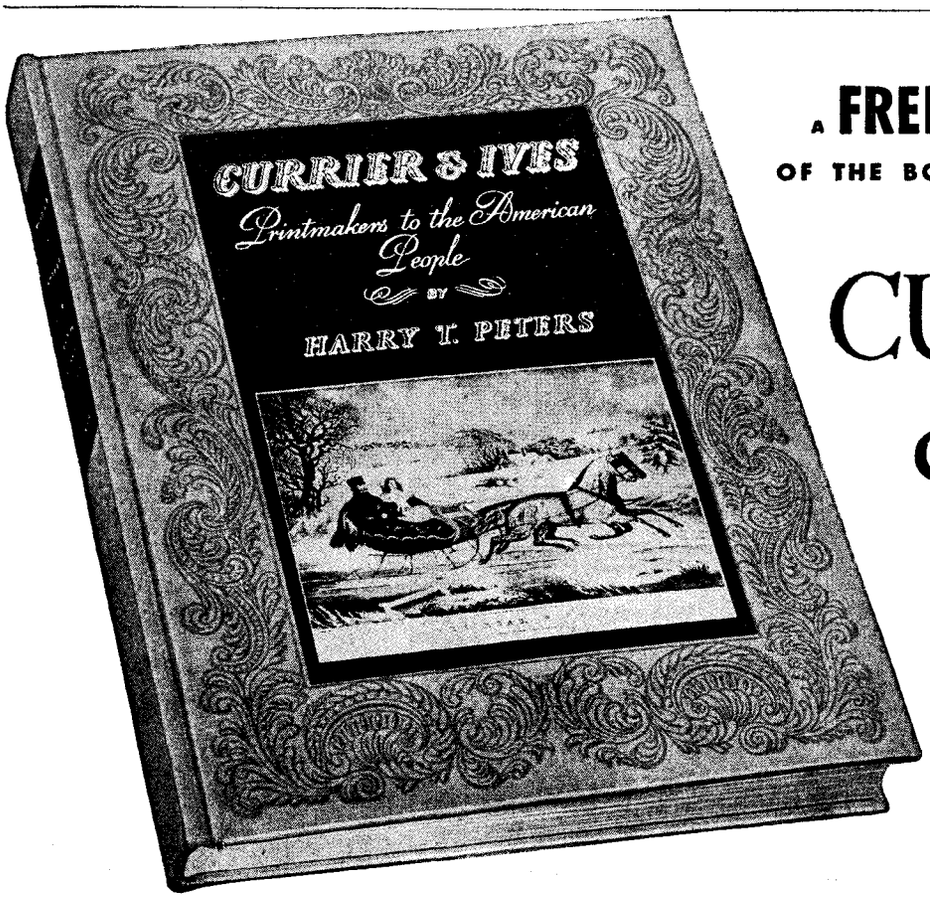


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